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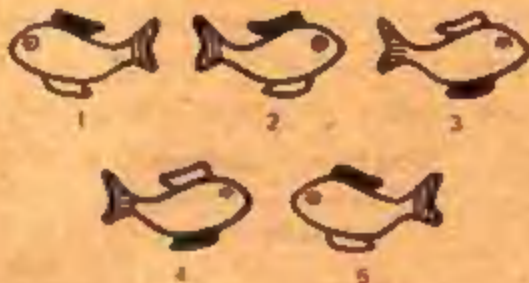
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READ IN THIS ISSUE

LEGENDS AND HISTORY

CHURNING OF THE OCEAN: The story of the great Puranic event that settled the fate of the gods and demons forever—
Through Pictures

Page 11

THE BLAZE IN THE SEA: How the wrath of a child-sage turned into eternal flames! A legend of ancient India

Page 48

KABIR—The Child of Ram and Rahim—Glimpsee into the life of a great mystic

Page 19

STORIES

IN SEARCH OF LIFE ... Page 15

PARABLES THAT JESUS TOLD—Special Christmas
Feature ... Page 22

THE FALSE BOON ... Page 25

TWO SUITORS ... Page 27

A LOAN FOR THE NEXT LIFE ... Page 33

A NIGHT IN THE JUNGLE ... Page 36

ROBBERS OF SUVARNA PUR ... Page 41

THE STRANGE FINGER ... Page 51

THE SURE CURE ... Page 54

THE SACRED BOOK ... Page 56

AND THE FARE OF FEATURES

Golden Words of Yore ... Page 8

Story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde ... Page 34

Veer Hanuman ... Page 43

Monuments of India ... Page 59

Tales behind Proverbs and Phrases ... Page 60

Your Questions Answered ... Page 61

A Tale that Needs a Title ... Page 62

Photo Caption Contest ... Page 63



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CHANDAMAMA

Vol. II

DECEMBER 1977

No. 6

Founder : CHAKRAPANI

"TALES, MARVELLOUS TALES"

*What shall we tell you? Tales, marvellous tales
Of ships and stars and isles where good men rest.*

These are lines from poet James Flecker's *Prologue to the Golden Journey to Samarkand*. Tales have been the most valuable source of entertainment and instruction through the ages. Great Masters like Jesus Christ and Sri Ramakrishna used tales to drive home the truths. We wish our readers a happy Christmas through remembering three of the tales Jesus had told.

But soon we are going to take you on a golden journey - not to Samarkand - but to the world of the Arabian Nights. Several tales of that enchanting world, like the ones of Alibaba, Sindbad and Aladin, are well known to you. But there are many more that are little read. We are making a selection of such tales from the original volumes of the vast work known as the *Book of the Thousand and One Nights* or *The Arabian Nights Entertainments*. They will be retold in a modern style.

They are entertainments, no doubt, but they are also the treasures of experience of the bygone centuries - about human nature and the way of the world.

Watch for the first tale of this series. It will be in the next issue of your magazine - the first issue of the New Year!



GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

परायः क्षान्त्वनम्रानि वाज्जाले मृकोर्धनि वितात्य वाक् ।

अथ वीरा जयतां विदित्वा मृगमधुवेदिम् न प्रार्थयते ॥

Parāṇaḥ kṣāntvanamryanti vājjaale mṛkōrdhani vitatyāya vākam

Atha dhīrā amṛtāraṇam viditvā mṛgamadhrūveḍiḥ na prārthayante

The ignorant runs after false pleasures and falls into the wide net of death.
The wise knows what is eternal ; he does not expect anything of lasting value
from the inconstant pleasures of life.

— The Kathopanishad

मृगस्य इव मृगवेद्यो दुःखवातस्य दुर्जनो भवति ।

सुखनस्तु कथमप्यमृदु दुर्जेतावाकुल्येभ्यः ॥

Mṛgasya iva mṛgavedyo duḥkṣandhānāṇaḥ durjano bhavati

Sujanastu kathamapyamṛdu durbhedyakūlusandhēyaḥ

Like an earthen pot which can easily crack and once cracked cannot be easily
made whole again, a mean fellow falls out easily and cannot be befriended
again. But, like a pot made of gold which does not crack easily and if it cracks
it can be mended easily, a noble man falls out rarely and if he does, he can
become a friend again easily.

— The Panchatantram

मूर्खोऽपि लोभते तावत् समयाय वस्यवेष्टितः ।

तावच्च लोभते मूर्खो वाक् । विदित्वा तावत् ॥

Mūrkho'pi lobhate tāvat sabhāyām vastraveṣṭitaḥ

Tāvacca lobhate mūrkhō yāvat kṛścima bhāṣate

The fool too can shine in an assembly if dressed in a dignified fashion — but he
does so only till he has opened his mouth !

— The Samayochitapadyamanālika





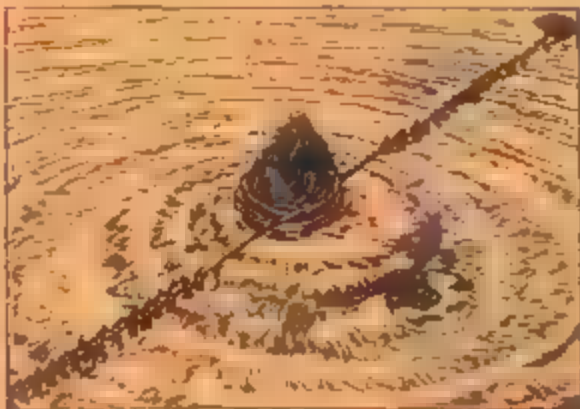
THE [REDACTED] OF THE OCEAN

Conflict between the gods and the demons continued for a long long time. The gods realised that in order to remain unvanquished, they must become immortals by drinking the nectar. They searched for the nectar amidst the hills of Sumaru.

Long was the search, but there was no fruit. At last Brahma revealed to the gods, that the thing they sought was to be had from the ocean which must be churned. That could be possible only by the co-operation of the demons.



The demons agreed to co-operate with the gods in discovering the nectar. The Mandara mountain was to be used as the churning stick. But what about the rope? The gods prayed to the snake-king, Vasuki, to serve as the rope. Vasuki agreed.



The mountain would have sunk had not Vishnu incarnated as Kurma—the Tortoise—and kept it aloft. The churning went on for an aeon, the gods holding the tail and the demons holding the head of Vasuki.

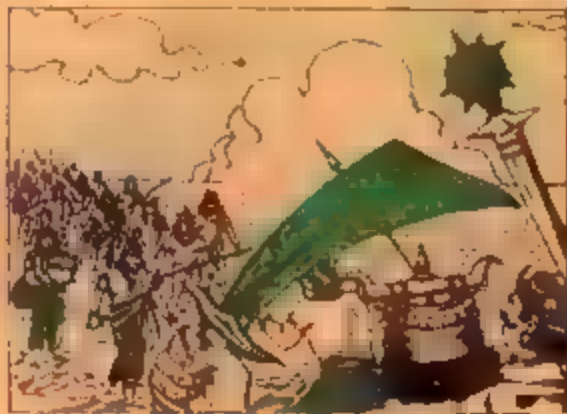
Soon Vasuki began to emit terrible poison which, if allowed to spread, would have caused a havoc in the world. But, at the prayer of the gods, Shiva consumed the poison entirely. His throat looked blue. He came to be known as Nilakanth—the Blue-Throat.



Soon various things began emerging from the water: the moon, Goddess Lakshmi, and Airavata—a beautiful elephant, etc. But the gods and the demons did not relax their labour. They must find nectar.

At last, with the pot of nectar in his hand, arose Dhanvantari—who was to become the physician of the gods.

The churning of the _____ thus _____ as a _____ end.



The impatient demons at once scrambled for the nectar. The gods were alerted. They tried to save it from them. While Dhanvantari looked on helplessly, the demons and the gods fought, the former trying to take hold of the nectar and the latter preventing them.

Suddenly appeared on the scene a damsel of exquisite beauty. The fighting stopped. She offered to distribute the nectar among the contenders. So great was the spell _____ that _____ demons immediately agreed to her proposal.





It was Vishnu who had assumed the form of Mohini—the charming damsel. He knew that if the demons became immortal, their arrogance and falsehood would triumph over truth and the world would become a hell. Mohini began distributing the nectar among the gods.

One of the demons, Rahu, became suspicious of Mohini's motive. He assumed a god's form and got a share of the nectar. Next moment Vishnu came to know of it and his Sudarshana Chakra—the divine wheel—beheaded the demon before the nectar had gone down his throat.



It was too late when the demons woke up to the fact that there was no nectar left for them. By then the gods had grown immortal. They fought valiantly and drove the demons away from heaven and other spheres the latter had forcibly occupied.



In Search of Life

Years ago, Raghav was a well known ■■■ in Chandrapur. Honest trade had brought him prosperity and he had a happy family life.

But bad luck struck him all on ■ sudden. Everything changed almost overnight. An epidemic killed his wife and all the children.

Disgusted with life, ■ retired into a forest. He raised a hut and lived peacefully, eating the fruits he could find and drinking from a stream. He devoted his time to meditation. Soon his mind grew pure and he had nothing but love for all the creatures of the forest.

As time passed the beasts of the forest grew accustomed to

him. He ■ not afraid of them and they did not harm him.

One morning, while he was plucking fruits from a tree, ■ tiger came ■ him and smelled him and went away with an affectionate growl. Raghav did not pay any more attention to the tiger than he would have paid to a pet cat!

But this was observed by a wood-cutter who, sensing the tiger's approach, had climbed ■ tree. His astonishment knew no bound. He kept ■ gazing at Raghav.

When ■ tiger was gone, the wood-cutter hopped down and fell flat ■ Raghav's feet.

"O Great Soul! Have pity ■ me. You, before whom



tiger behaves like a cat, must be a god in disguise," the wood-cutter muttered.

"Get up, fellow, up!" commanded Raghav. "The tiger did not harm me simply because I had neither any fear nor any hatred for it. It is as simple as that. There is a miracle in it," he tried to explain.

But the wood-cutter was in no mood to understand Raghav's explanation. He ran to his village with great excitement and told the villagers what he had seen.

The villagers were left in no doubt about Raghav's great-

They entered the forest in a procession and greeted Raghav, laying a variety of gifts on his feet. Although Raghav felt a little awkward, the innocence of the people pleased him. He prayed to God for their welfare.

The crowd was bigger the next day. People of several villages neighbouring the wood-cutter's heard about the great soul and they were not willing to be deprived of his blessings.

As days passed, more and more people came to see him. Among them were rich landlords and merchants. They built a nice house for Raghav and called him Baba Raghavji.

Raghav was annoyed at times, but he had no other go than to bear with all this. But he missed his peace very much. "How happy I was at the beginning!" he often murmured to himself.

One day, from a far away village a young man and his wife were on their way to see the Baba. The husband, Sundar, was a handsome sportsman with a beard. He resembled Raghav. They lost their way in the forest and were surrounded by a gang of thieves. The leader of the gang first mistook Sundar

as Raghav. By ■ time ■ realised his mistake, ■ novel idea had struck him.

Soon Sundar and his wife were taken prisoners. Sundar was made to put an ochre robe. On the outskirts of the town lay deserted ■ old house. The thieves repaired it and obliged Sundar to sit there in a meditative pose. They also taught him ■ perform a few tricks.

The thieves then roamed about in the nearby villages and spread the news that a disciple of Baba Raghavji, who had become ■ great as his guru, was now willing to bless devotees.

Raghav lived in a remote ■ of the forest. If an equally powerful Baba was available nearby, what use trekking miles through the forest?

People now crowded around Sundar. He was popularly called Baba the Junior. Few went to see Raghav. Sundar produced several things by a sleight of hand and that ■ a hypnotic effect on the people. Large sums of money and other gifts were received by him. Needless to say, everything went to the gang of thieves.

Raghav was amused to hear about the fake disciple. He was not sorry that people stopp-



■ coming to him, but he was sorry that people were deceived in his name.

One evening Raghav went to ■ Sundar. He mingled with the crowd ■ listened to his discourse. After the devotees dispersed, he desired to talk ■ Baba the Junior in private. His request was granted.

"Will you please tell me something about your guru, Baba Raghavji?" asked Raghav.

"What can I say about that chosen soul sent by God?" replied Sundar.

"Well, what was his name before he became a guru?" asked Raghav.

"As [redacted] as he [redacted] born, there was a heavenly voice heard. It said that the infant should [redacted] Baba Raghavji," replied Sundar.

"When will you see your guru last?" queried Raghav.

"Well, well, I can see him in my vision any time I wish," replied Sundar.

"In that case you should be able to recognise me," said Raghav gravely.

Only then did Sundar begin to ask himself who this stranger could be. Although he had never seen [redacted] Raghavji, he knew how he looked. He gazed at Raghav with fear [redacted] asked, "Who are you?"

"The very [redacted] of whom you [redacted] speaking just now. Let us not waste time. Will you please tell me why you are deceiving the people?" demanded Raghav.

Sundar, on the verge of weeping, told him everything, Raghav understood that Sundar and his wife were prisoners in the hands of [redacted] thieves.

"I will love to live as an ordinary [redacted] again if you can rescue me from the gang," Sundar told Raghav in a whisper.

That was a festive night for the thieves. They were drunk. At midnight Sundar and his wife left the house, [redacted] by Raghav.

They reached Sundar's village. Raghav lived with Sundar and his wife [redacted] their guardian. He did not let anybody know of his spiritual achievement. Nobody came to bother him. He enjoyed a greater peace living in the locality than he had enjoyed in the forest.



KABIR-The Child of Ram and Rahim

A thick mist hung over the Ganga that flowed by the city of Kasi. It was dusky at dawn. All was quiet.

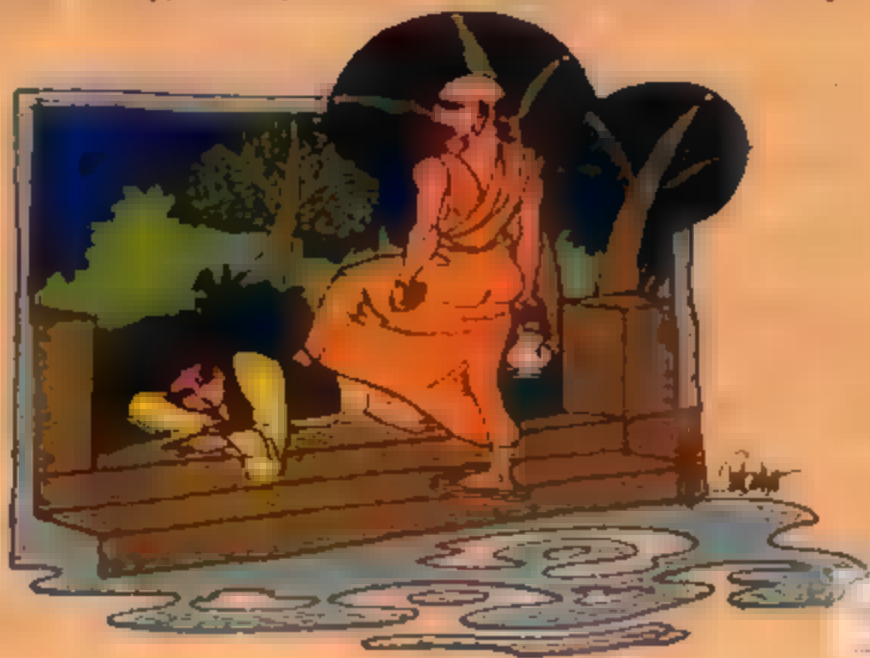
But the Vaishnava sage, Ramananda, was on his way to the river, as usual, to take a dip in the holy waters before the sunrise.

While descending the steps of the ghat leading to the river, he suddenly got a shock and uttered loudly, "Ram, Ram!"

He was unwittingly stepped on a man lying along a step.

"Ram, Ram," he uttered as he helped the man to get up. The man, however, far from expressing any anguish or surprise, put his head on the sage's feet happily. "My desire has been fulfilled. You have given me the mantra—the name of Ram. I am initiated!"

This was Kabir, then a young



man. He was an orphan, brought up by a Muslim couple. He was not sure if Ramananda, an orthodox guru, would accept him as a disciple. That is why he acted in this way.

But Ramananda understood the deep urge of the young man. He gladly welcomed him into his fold.

This was perhaps in the close of the fourteenth century. Kabir lived as a poor householder with his wife, a son and a daughter and earned a living through weaving. But as people began to feel attracted to him. What he realised through his meditation, he taught through simple verses. Although his teachings offended the notions and ideals in which the society then believed, there was the force of conviction behind his words and that showed light to the people.

He said that those wishing to know the truth, must forget whether they were Hindus or Muslims. God was above creeds and rituals. He was neither confined in the mosque nor in the temple, but he dwelt in all beings everywhere. Kabir declared himself a child of Ram and Rahim and

accepted disciples from both Hindus and Muslims. His verses were addressed to the *sadhoo*—the good.

"Hindus and Muslims are the pots made of the same clay. Allah and Ram were but different names." God being the breath of all the life, the man searching for God in holy places was like the fish in the river looking for water to drink. Kabir laughed at them.

He asked the seekers never to lose faith. "O mind, be patient. There is a time for everything. The gardener goes on watering the plant day after day. The fruit comes out when the season for it comes."

As Kabir's popularity grew, some people became jealous of him. They complained against him to the Nawab and Kabir was ordered to leave Kasi. He was then very old—over a hundred years according to the popular belief. But he left Kasi for Maghar.

"If one is reborn as a donkey," someone informed Kabir, quoting a folk saying.

"Is it not fine to be born as a donkey and not as anything ignoble?" replied Kabir out of both wit and humility.

■■■■ explained that a sinner cannot ■■ saved even if he died in Kasi; a devotee of God shall certainly achieve salvation ■■■■ if he died at Maghar.

Kabir passed away at Maghar after a few years. Legend says that ■■ his body lay covered by a shawl, his Muslim and Hindu disciples quarrelled about ■■ mode of its disposal. They could not ■■■■ any settlement. One of them removed

the shawl from the body. Lo and behold! all that was there was a couple of lotus flowers. There was no trace of Kabir's body.

The Hindus took one lotus and the Muslims the other. The Hindus cremated this symbol of the master's body and built a tomb over the ashes. The Muslims buried the flower and built another tomb. The tombs stand side by side.



PARABLES THAT JESUS TOLD

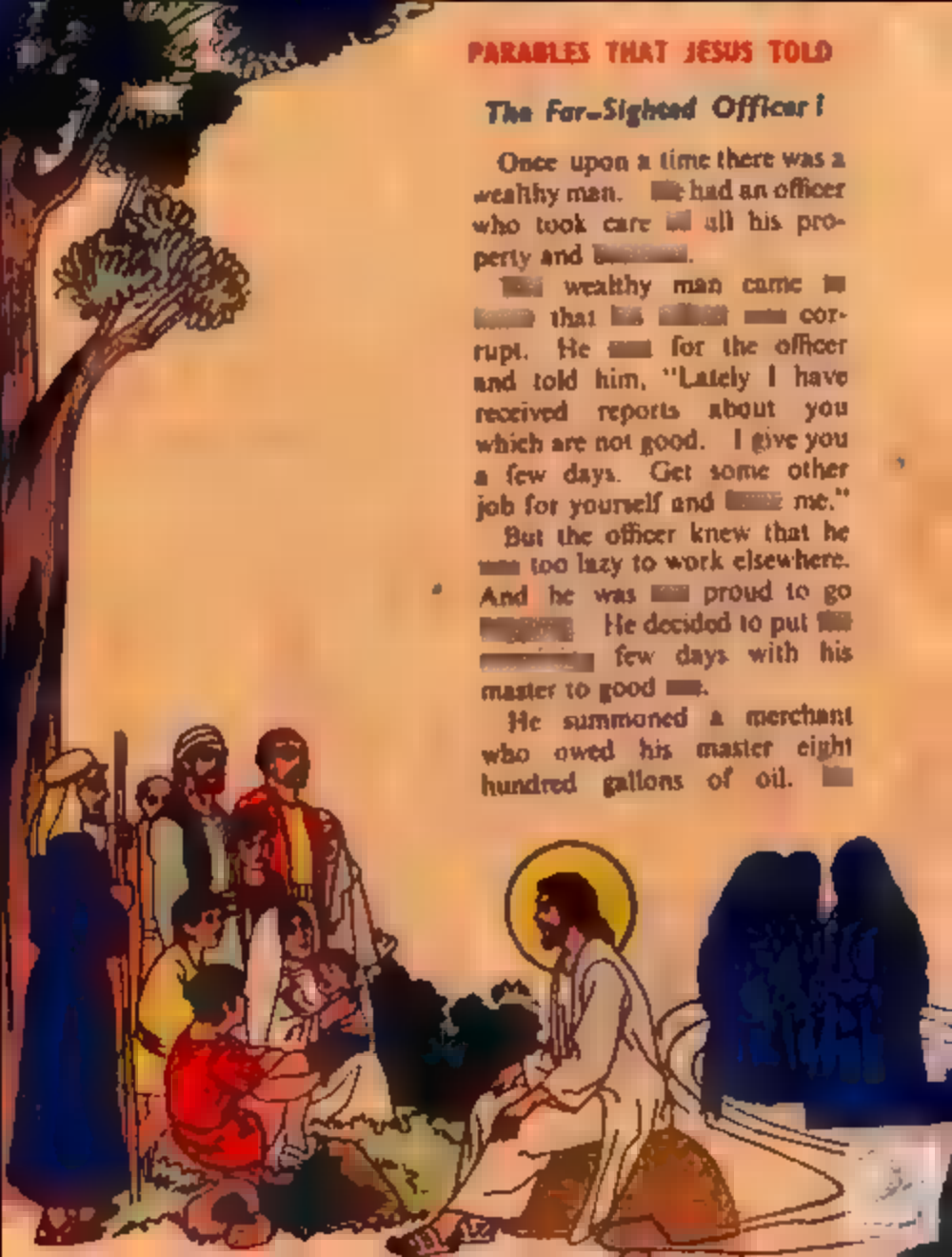
The Far-Sighted Officer

Once upon a time there was a wealthy man. He had an officer who took care of all his property and money.

The wealthy man came to know that his officer was corrupt. He wrote for the officer and told him, "Lately I have received reports about you which are not good. I give you a few days. Get some other job for yourself and leave me."

But the officer knew that he was too lazy to work elsewhere. And he was too proud to go away. He decided to put off for a few days with his master to good use.

He summoned a merchant who owed his master eight hundred gallons of oil. He



then ■■■ pieces the document which recorded the debt and prepared a new one showing that ■■■ merchant had to give only four hundred gallons of oil.

He then summoned another merchant who too was carrying on business with his master and asked him, "What do you owe to my master?"

"A thousand bushels of wheat," was ■■■ reply. The officer tore the old document and prepared a new ■■■ showing that the fellow owed much less.

In this way he made several ■■■ friends with several rich men who, ■■■ believed, would take ■■■ of ■■■ when ■■■ had



lost his job!

Jesus Christ told this tale to show how cleverly people ensure their security for the future years. Yet, they never thought of their future after death! Such deceitful deeds might keep them in physical comfort for a few years, but they will never lead them to God—in whom alone is to be found the true and permanent security.

The Judge Who Had To Yield

In a certain city lived a judge who neither cared for God nor for man. He was never moved by emotions.

One day a widow who had been harassed by some neighbours appealed to him for justice. But he ignored her appeal. The widow, however, did not give up. She followed the judge wherever he went. She kept on repeating her appeal.

"Ah, this widow will wear me out with her complaint. I will have no peace until I give her justice," said the judge at last and he brought the widow's enemies to book.

Telling this story, Christ said, "If even a careless judge can be moved to action, don't you

think that God will surely give justice to his people who plead with him day and night?" And Christ said that what is important is an absolute faith in God.

The Proud and the Humble

One day two men entered a temple to pray. One was a self-righteous man who observed all the laws of religion. The other one was a tax-collector who often cheated people.

The first man said in his prayer, "I thank thee, God, that I am not a sinner like others—especially like that tax-collector over there! I do not cheat people. I do not rob. I am free from all wickedness. I fast twice in a week. I give thee one tenth of my income."

A few yards away stood the tax-collector. He even did not dare to lift his eyes. With deep sorrow in his heart, he exclaimed, "O God! Be merciful to me. I am a sinner!"

Giving this example, Christ said, "I tell you, this sinner, not that self-righteous fellow, returned home forgiven by God! For the proud shall be humbled, but the humble shall be honoured."



THE FALSE BOON

The king of Shripur had a fascination for hermits and mendicants. They were always free to walk into his court. The king valued their advice very much.

One day a hermit who was quite an impressive figure entered the court and showered his blessings on the king as loudly as possible. The king immediately offered him a dignified seat.

The hermit once looked at the courtiers and said, "O king, there are some kings in your neighbourhood who are jealous of you. One day they may decide to join hands against your kingdom. Have you taken any step to ward off such a

danger?"

"O great seer! I had never given a thought to it," confessed the king.

"That is all right, O you," observed the hermit. "If you wish, I can utter a mantra over the head of your general which will make him invincible. If your general can never be defeated, what fear have you from your enemies?"

"That is an excellent idea. Please do the needful," said the king and he sent a messenger to summon the general to the court.

The king's chief minister was not present in the court when this was going on. But he arrived soon and was a

to find that preparations were afoot for the hermit to recite the mantra in the general's head.

"My lord, please do not allow this farce to go on," the chief minister appealed. The hermit felt awfully offended at these words and he left the court in a huff.

The king at once dismissed the court and charged the minister, saying, "How could you be so rude to such a powerful hermit?"

"My lord, let us lose no time. Let us find out what the hermit is doing now," said the minister.

Soon, donning disguises, the king and the minister went and traced the hermit in his cottage. To his great surprise the king saw his general talking to the hermit in private. They soon found out that the hermit

was a well-known cheat who had been sent to the court by the general himself.

"How did you conclude that the hermit was a hoax as soon as you saw him?" the king asked his minister.

"From a simple fact, my lord. If the hermit meant your good, he should have proposed to make you invincible, not your general. In fact, the general wanted to create an impression in the king that he had become invincible. Thereafter if he rose in rebellion against you, he knew that all would keep quiet. Who would dare to go against him who was invincible? The false boon would have endangered your life."

The false hermit confessed of the conspiracy. Both he and the general had to receive punishment.





New Tales of King Vikram,
and ■ Vampire

TWO SUITORS

Thunder shook the earth and lightning revealed ghastly faces around King Vikram. But Vikram showed no sign of fear. He brought down the corpse from ■ tree and began to cross the burial ground with the corpse on his shoulder.

Suddenly the vampire that possessed the corpse spoke, "O King, I hope, there is nothing puzzling in the motive behind your action although I do not know what the motive is. But there ■ instances of princes whose actions are really puzzling. Take the ■ of Jayant, for example. Let me narrate his story to you. That should give you some relief."

The vampire went on: Chitrasen, the King of Alaknपुरi, ■ lovely daughter named Mohini. Many a prince was ■ to marry her. The king, however, thought ■ wise to leave it to Mohini herself to choose her bridegroom. According to the custom of the time, he invited all the eligible



princes of the neighbouring lands to be present in his palace on a certain day.

The day before the prince was to be presented before Princess Mohini for her ■ make her choice, she went out on ■ pleasure trip into a forest in the company of her maids. Inside the forest she saw a charming lake and despite her maids warning her against bathing in an unfamiliar lake, she plunged herself into it.

The water was cool extremely soothing to the skin. The nature around tranquil. Although sun not yet set, the forest looked

shady. The princess seemed to be in love with the waters. She splashed them at her maids who giggled joyfully.

A long time passed.

"Come up, princess, it is time to go," said the maids.

At last the princess heeded their request and stopped playing with the waters.

But as soon as she rose from the water her maids gave out shrieks of horror. Her appearance and colour had completely changed. She looked rather ugly. When the princess realised this, she too wept. But she had nothing to do but her bad luck.

Needless to say, the king and the queen grew awfully sad when they saw what had become of their daughter. They immediately summoned the best physicians. ■■■ the physicians said that the princess did not suffer from any disease that they could ■■■ her. The lake must have been under a curse.

A yogi happened to have come to pass a night in the palace on his way to some distant destination. When he was consulted, he sat down in meditation for a while and then said that although what he had seen had fallen the princess was not dead.

nary ailment, it was curable. She has to drink a little water from a lake called Sanjivi. That alone can restore her lost looks to her.

"Where is this lake Sanjivi?" asked the anxious king. But the yogi had no reply for it. He just walked away.

Next day, before the gathering of the princes, the king's minister announced, "We regret to inform you, O our honoured guests, that our princess has suddenly been struck by a strange ailment. She has lost her charming looks and colour. She can get back her lost self again only by drinking the water of a lake called Sanjivi. Whoever of you, O brave princes, can find out the lake and fetch a little water first, he will win the hand of the princess."

All kept quiet, but Jayant, the prince of Malav, stepped forward at once and said gravely, "I will set forth in quest of the lake. I am sure, I shall brave all possible dangers and fetch the water."

The minister and the princes applauded his announcement. After Jayant left them, they dispersed.

But one more prince, Vijay of Vijaypuri, did not return to



his own land. He proceeded to the very forest which the princess had visited and saw the lake. "If there is a curse in this lake, there may be in the lake some secret by which to get over the curse too," he thought and kept on sitting on the bank of the lake.

Jayant, in quest of the lake, soon entered another forest. He took shelter at night in a deserted temple. At midnight he was suddenly charged by a wolf. Luckily he was alert and he immediately beheaded the beast with his sword. Out of the slain beast emerged a dwarf, dharva. He told Jayant that



_____ had changed him into the beast. He _____ delighted _____ be released from the curse through the prince's action.

The gundharva was desirous of helping Jayant in some way or _____ other. Jayant wanted to know the way _____ the lake Sanjivi. "My friend! Lake Sanjivi is situated amidst the far away Meru hills. You would have grown old _____ by the time you reach there," said the gundharva.

"I have proudly announced before _____ august gathering of princes that I will fetch _____ water. Hence I must proceed there even if I _____ to die in _____

process," replied Jayant.

The gundharva kept quiet for a moment. Then he smiled and said, "In that _____ my dear prince, you may put on my pair of _____. This should take you there instantly. After you have gathered the water you _____ return here in the twinkling of an eye. I _____ wait here for you. Do not _____ anywhere else."

Jayant put on the sandals and took off for the lake.

In the meanwhile, while sitting _____ the bank of the lake which had disfigured Princess Mohini, Vijay observed a hermit entering the water and coming out of it after several dips without losing anything of his looks!

Vijay _____ fell at the hermit's feet and said, "O great soul! The lake disfigured the princess whereas it failed to mar your figure. Kindly impart to me the secret whereby the princess can recover her lost beauty."

"My boy, this lake was created by me by my yogic power. Nobody but myself is expected to bathe in it. There is only _____ way for the princess to get back her lost beauty. If you take a dip in the water _____

ugly, the princess would
out of the curse," said
the hermit.

"I agree to the condition,"
said Vijay. He then jumped
into the lake. When
out of it, he had grown ugly.
He returned to the palace
narrated his experience to the
king. All were happy
that the princess had got back
her beauty.

At that very moment Jayant
arrived there with the water
from lake Sanjivi. "I have
brought the magic water. Let
the princess get back
lost
beauty by drinking this and
marry as promised."

All stood silent and pensive.
The king and the minister did
not know who should be
accepted the bridegroom for
princess. Although it
Vijay who had been responsible
for the restoration of Mohini's
beauty, he had himself grown
ugly. Jayant risked his life
for the sake of fetching the
magic water and he a
charming young

The princess looked at Jayant
and asked, "Has the water you
have brought really the magic
power?"

"You doubt it, do you? Well,
then let us try the water on
Prince Vijay." Jayant then let



Vijay drink the water. But he hardly waited to see the result. He left the palace immediately and proceeded towards his own land. Vijay got back his lost looks as soon as he drank the water. The princess was duly married to him.

The vampire paused for a moment and then demanded of King Vikram, "O King, why did Jayant behave in this manner? Through the change in the appearance of Vijay it has proved beyond doubt that the water he had brought was genuine. Why then did he abandon his claim to marry the princess and leave in a huff? I warn you, O King, that if you know the answers to my questions but choose to keep mum, your head would roll off your neck!"

Replied King Vikram, "There

is nothing puzzling in Jayant's behaviour. He was more interested in his prestige than in the princess. This was evident from the manner of his announcement before the princess and again before the gundharva. Secondly, he could easily feel that the princess herself was inclined towards Vijay despite Vijay's ugly looks. Had she been enamoured of Jayant's charming appearance she would have kept quiet. She had no business to give vent to her doubt about the water. Jayant was proud that he had fulfilled the mission he had undertaken to prove himself superior to the other princes. That was satisfaction enough for him."

No sooner had the king finished delivering the answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.



A LOAN FOR THE NEXT LIFE

"Nobody ■■■ deceive ■■ swindle me," ■■■ Govind. "Do not ■■ so," his friend ■■■ told him.

Ramesh was a talented actor. He allowed a few months to pass. One day he put ■■ a false beard ■■ donned tattered and dirty clothes and shouted for alms before Govind's door.

"I do not give alms to beggars," Govind told him.

"Give me ■■■ ■■■ money as loan then," pleaded Ramesh.

"Sorry," said Govind.

"Good heavens! What will happen ■ the fellow in his next birth?" muttered Ramesh.

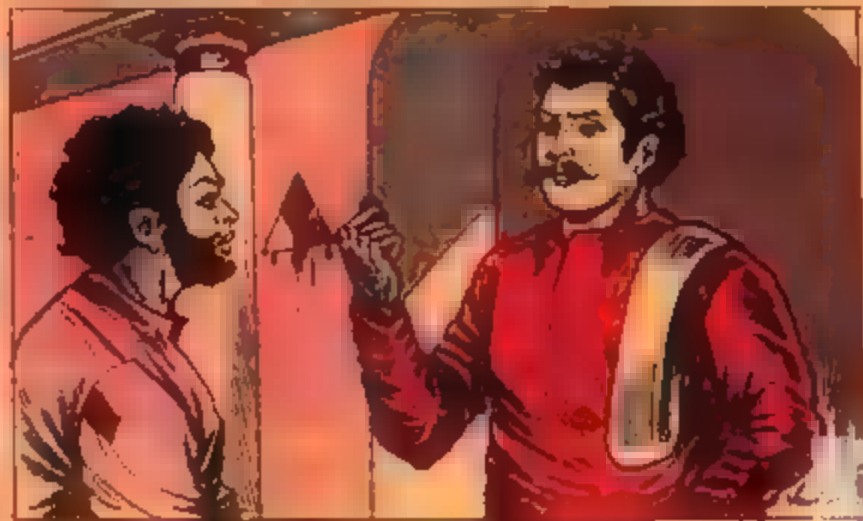
"What did you say?" demanded Govind.

"You see, I was a wealthy ■■■ in my previous birth. ■■ I was the worst of misers. That is why I am ■■ miserable in this life. The same ■■ awaits you in your next birth," replied Ramesh.

Govind brought ■■ a ■■■ coin and ■■■, "I can give this ■■ a loan ■■ you. When can you pay this back?"

"In my next life," replied Ramesh.

"Perhaps I have to appear before your door as a beggar to get this back in my next life? Better I keep it to myself," said Govind and he put ■■■ coin back in his pocket.





The Strange

It was a moonlit night and after a day's work a housemaid was enjoying the tranquillity of the sleeping city of London from her room on the roof. She saw a kind-looking old man walking the street. From the other side came another man holding in his hand a heavy cane.

The old man enquired something of the other fellow. But instead of replying to the query, the fellow suddenly broke out of his bounds and clubbed him to the ground. With an ape-like fury, he then trampled the old man under foot and hailed down a storm of blows till his victim was dead.

The maid had recognised the killer, for, he had once come to meet her master. His name was Mr. Hyde.

Who was this Hyde? Why did he commit this gruesome murder? The Scotland Yard was taken up with the question. And what was to light

was startling.

Dr. Jekyll, a physician, believed that he had two kinds of emotions in him, good and evil. He prepared a drug by taking which he could personify all his evil emotions and become altogether a different man for a while. By taking an antidote he could again become his good, old self.

Dr. Jekyll named his evil personality Mr. Hyde. As Mr. Hyde he gave a free reign to his evil impulses and did many a mischief and committed the murder described above.

But a time came when this evil personality of Dr. Jekyll gained the upperhand on his normal self. He turned into Mr. Hyde even without taking the drug. And the antidote which used to change Mr. Hyde into Dr. Jekyll again, was found to be losing its effect.

Dr. Jekyll had foreseen a time when he might cease to be Dr. Jekyll and live as Mr. Hyde.

Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde



He made a will bequeathing all his property to the one called Mr. Hyde. His lawyer friend who had been entrusted with the will was much happy with Mr. Hyde whom he considered to be kind and who looked cruel and repulsive. But how could he have imagined that Mr. Hyde was none other than another self of the gentle Dr. Jekyll?

However, after the murder the search for Mr. Hyde continued relentlessly. When Dr. Jekyll realised that the net was getting close upon him, he took his own life. The story of his strange experiment was found in an account for his friends.

The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde by R. L. Stevenson (1850-94) was published in 1886. The story of his *Treasure Island* has already been told earlier. The phrase *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* means the two mutually opposed aspects of one character.



A Night in the Jungle

This happened long, long ago, when giants lived in the neighbourhood of men. Shyam had lost his parents in his childhood. A gentleman named Sundar took pity on him and brought him up. Sundar was anxious that Shyam should become fit to earn his own livelihood as soon as possible. He goaded the boy to learn a variety of things and chided him and even beat him when the boy failed to do something according to his expectation.

The result was not what Sundar expected. Shyam had a lopsided development of his character. While on one hand he was quite intelligent and courageous, on the other hand he

behaved abnormally when excited. He always felt nervous in Sundar's presence.

But he was very good at play and sports. He could remain and swim under water for a long time. That was a spectacular feat for others.

Shyam grew up to be a young man and Sundar thought that it was time he went to live on his own. His father had left some property for him. Sundar built a new house for Shyam and decided to get him married before sending him to live separately.

A gentleman of a neighbouring village had a daughter of marriageable age and one day Sundar led Shyam to see the girl.

On their way Sundar Shyam, "Be careful in your conduct. Leave your shoes at the threshold of the gentleman's house and occupy a chair."

He exhorted him again again to remember this. Shyam was quite confused. His arrival at the gentleman's house, he took off his shoes and put them in a chair and himself sat at the threshold of the house.

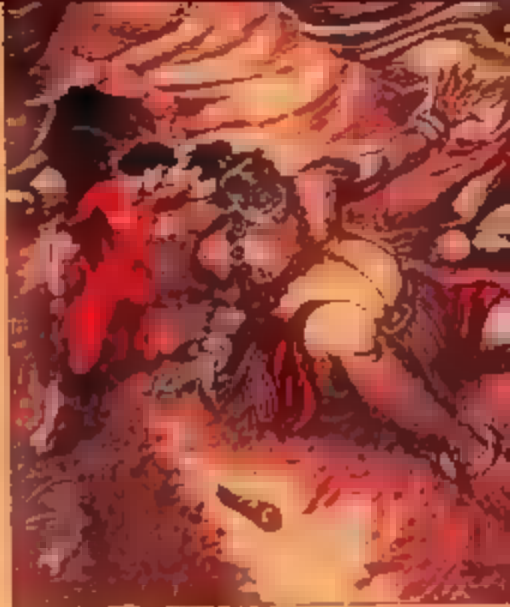
The gentleman was at the young man's conduct. He concluded that Shyam was insane. He politely refused to give his daughter in marriage to the young man.

On their way back, the fuming Sundar told Shyam, "You fool! Take it from me that in this wide world no man would be stupid enough to give his daughter to you!"

Shyam took his guardian's words literally. He left the house at night and walked into the nearby forest sulking about his humiliation.

"No man will give his daughter in marriage to me, is it? Well then, I must find out the daughter of someone who was not a man," Shyam told himself as he walked faster and faster.

Unmindfully, he entered a



cave inside which lay asleep a giant. It would have been natural for Shyam, like any other boy, to avoid the giant. But he was in a different mood. "Here is a creature who is not a human being. Maybe, he won't mind giving me his daughter if he has one!" he thought to himself.

In order to impress the giant with his strength he suddenly caught him by his hair and shouted, "Although I am not a giant, I am as strong as you. Why not marry your daughter to me?"

The giant yelled in pain. He lifted up Shyam and about

to set his teeth ■ him when his wife rushed in from an ■ cave ■ stopped him.

It ■ happened that the giant-couple had a daughter and there was no suitable young giant available in that region ■ marry her.

"It would be fine if we can get such ■ handsome human lad to marry our daughter. Our prestige would ■ up," the giantess counselled her husband.

Although the giant was not quite enthusiastic about making a son-in-law of what could be ■ dish for him, ■ allowed his wife to have her way with the young man.

The giantess apologised to Shyam ■ her husband's ill conduct and fed him with ■ fruits.

"Where ■ your daughter, by the way?" Shyam asked.

"She is in the habit of wandering ■ the forest till midnight. You better ■ to sleep now. You ■ see her at the night time," ■ the giantess.

Shyam was tired. He fell asleep soon. At the mouth of the cave ■ the giantess, guarding him.

Her daughter returned at midnight.

"Great news, daughter!" exclaimed the giantess. "Here is



your bridegroom, at last!"

The giant-girl was amused. When her mother ■■■ showing Shyam to her, Shyam slightly opened his eyes and had ■ glimpse of his proposed bride. He shivered in despair at what he saw.

"Mummy! This lad appears to be made of butter. ■■■ allow me to eat him," pleaded the daughter.

"What ■■■ do you speak!" chided her mother. "He is a brave young ■■■ ■■■ will make such a fine match for you. Haven't you eaten ■ hundred human beings? How much do you lose if you spare one?"

"All right, mother, I will not eat him. But what about father? Do you really believe that ■■■ will be able to restrain himself? He will soon ■■■ hungry enough to forget all about the proposed marriage and eat him up!" said the girl.

"My clever daughter, that ■■■ the reason why I am guarding ■■■ mouth of the cave. But I ■■■ feeling sleepy. Will you ■■■ guard for a while ■■■ that I can enjoy ■ few winks of sleep?" asked the giantess.

"Gladly, mummy," ■■■ pondered the daughter.

But before long the giant-girl felt a great urge to eat up



Shyam. She made [redacted] that both her parents [redacted] asleep. Coming stealthily to Shyam, she gave him a shake [redacted] whispered, "I am the bride. Come [redacted] of the cave, let us marry right now. It will be such a pleasant surprise to my parents to [redacted] as [redacted] [redacted] wife in the morning!"

Shyam who had heard the dialogue between the mother and the daughter, could easily guess what [redacted] in the giant-girl's mind. Nevertheless, he followed her and came out of the cave.

"We must [redacted] to another cave where lives our priest," said the giant-girl.

"That is all right. But what about the dowry?" demanded Shyam.

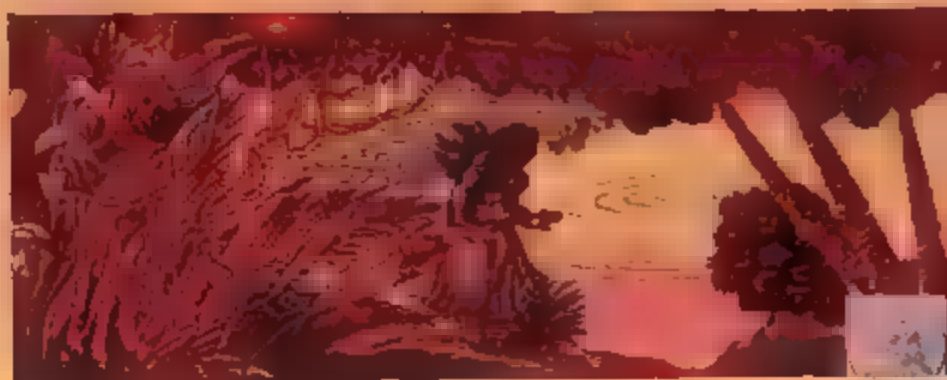
"Wait a minute," [redacted] the giant-girl and she fetched a box

[redacted] of gold, sapphire and diamond. Shyam received the box with thanks [redacted] followed the girl. As soon as they came near the river, he said, "I must bathe before marrying you. That is a sacred custom." And he jumped into the river along with the box and disappeared. The giant girl waited and waited till she felt sleepy.

"A crocodile must have swallowed up him," she murmured to herself before returning to her cave.

But Shyam swam under the water as long [redacted] he could. He then emerged on the outskirts of the forest and ran home.

With the wealth gained from the giants he became a merchant and prospered well. He married in a respectable family and lived happily for many years.





ROBBERS OF SUVARNAPUR

The people of the city of Suvarnapur were quite worried—and so too was their king, for a gang of robbers plundered house after house. Not only the guards of the city failed to catch the culprits, but also the king's soldiers proved ineffective in this regard.

The king ordered the general of his army, Randhir, to pay personal attention to the issue. But weeks rolled by and the robbers were as active as ever. It was obvious that Randhir would not succeed in bringing them to book.

Thereafter the king took it upon himself to look for the gang. He patrolled the city at night, accompanied by Ran-

dhir. No robbery took place during those nights, but the gang was not caught.

The king's wise old minister was ill. He had not attended the court for several months. The worried king met him and acquainted him with the problem. The minister told him, "My lord, I will resume my duty in the court from tomorrow. In the meanwhile let me think out a plan for catching the gang."

The king returned to his palace with some consolation. Next day he waited for the minister's arrival with great eagerness. Upon his arrival, the minister told the king with some anxiety, "My lord, we

can tackle the [redacted] later. What deserves [redacted] urgent attention is a possible invasion of our frontier by [redacted] neighbouring king. I have received some [redacted] information about it. I suggest [redacted] our general [redacted] sent to the frontier with our army, forthwith."

The king summoned General Randhir and ordered him to proceed to the frontier.

The general returned after a fortnight and told the king, "There is no sign of any [redacted] [redacted] our frontier. The minister's information [redacted] nothing but trash."

Turning to the minister, the general then said, "I wish, instead of exercising your mind on imaginary problems, you give some thought to solving a real problem like that of the robbery in our city!"

"Thank you for your suggestion, Randhir, I [redacted] now do whatever possible to capture [redacted] robbers. As [redacted] first step towards that, let us capture the leader of [redacted] gang," said the minister and he looked at the king. The king nodded. Instantly the general was arrested by the royal guards. It was [redacted] difficult to arrest the members of the gang too.

"How did it [redacted] to you first that our general could be the leader of the robbers?" [redacted] king asked his minister.

"It occurred to me when I was told [redacted] there was no robbery when the general was patrolling the city with you. When he [redacted] sent to the frontier, the robbery stopped again. During his absence, we of course gathered other evidences against him," replied the minister.





VEER HANUMAN

Rama and Ravana confronted each other. Each seemed enveloped in a shower of [redacted] from the other.

This was the [redacted] [redacted] inspiring phase in the battle. The skill and swiftness in handling the weapons which the two adversaries showed [redacted] never been seen [redacted]. With wonder and [redacted] the Vanaras and the demons kept on looking at the two.

Suddenly Ravana applied the terrible shaft of the gundharvas against Rama. But Rama was certainly not lagging behind his adversary in [redacted] use of such supernatural weapons! He cut the advancing arrow asunder by a more powerful arrow shot by himself.

Ravana felt consumed in his

heart by rage. He shot what is known as [redacted] demon's shaft—a [redacted] stuff which produced innumerable serpents in the air. When Rama saw them coming wriggling through the clouds towards him, he shot the shaft of Garuda which [redacted] once produced a number of birds belonging to [redacted] species of the holy bird of Vishnu, Garuda. They caught [redacted] advancing serpents and gulped them all.

The desperate Ravana decided [redacted] to put to use a few of the last weapons from his [redacted]. He picked up [redacted] of them, Vajrayudha [redacted] the thunder-shaft, and shouted, "Rama! You have killed many of my kinsmen. Hence you deserve this [redacted] reward. Come on, take it!"

And he [redacted] the shaft.



It roared like a thunder and advanced towards Rama who was alert enough to send several arrows to check it. But they were reduced to dust as soon as they touched the enemy's shaft.

Realising how powerful the fast advancing demon was, Rama at once applied against it one of those select shafts gifted to him by Indra. This worked. Ravana's chariot was smashed to pieces.

Thereafter the demon continued to harass Ravana with a variety of arrows—so much that the demon-king's charioteer could understand that his master was beginning to feel undone. He

turned the chariot and retreated.

The charioteer's action did not please Ravana. He told him wrathfully, "How dare you do without my permission? Have you been bribed by my enemies to humiliate me? I command you to take the vehicle back to face Rama again".

The charioteer was non-plussed. He then gathered courage and said, "O King! How do you doubt my integrity? Am I not your foremost well-wisher? I turned the chariot away because you were not in a position to withstand the terrific force with which Rama was attacking you. You seemed tired. Our horses too were exhausted and they needed a little respite. These are the reasons of my action. As your charioteer, should I not know what is right and what is wrong? However, let me know what you wish me to do now."

Ravana became pleased with the charioteer and immediately rewarded him with a precious ornament, and said, "No, I am not tired. Let me face Rama again."

The charioteer immediately turned the vehicle and reappeared before Rama.

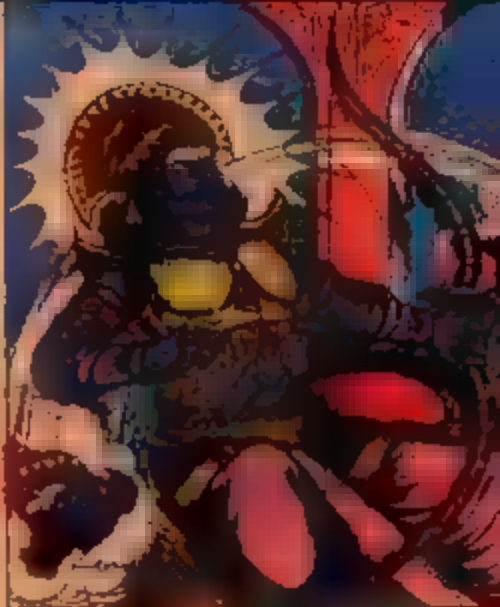
But by ■■■ Rama himself was in no mood to continue his fierce onslaught. In the ■■■ while a number of gods had arrived there to witness the fighting. With them had come Agastya, ■■ great sage. Wishing to give Rama's spirit ■ boost, he taught him ■ certain special hymn.

As Rama recited the hymn, his drooping mood changed and he felt spirited again. He told his charioteer, "Matali! It is high time I killed Ravana. Lead the chariot accordingly. You are ■ ordinary charioteer, but one who has guided Indra through battles. You know your work best."

Matali felt highly inspired. He loudly cheered his horses and drove the chariot into the battlefield at such ■ great speed that it seemed as if he meant the rising dust to envelop Ravana's chariot!

As soon ■ Ravana noticed Rama's return he began raining arrows. But that did ■ deter Matali from leading ■ chariot closer to the demon-king.

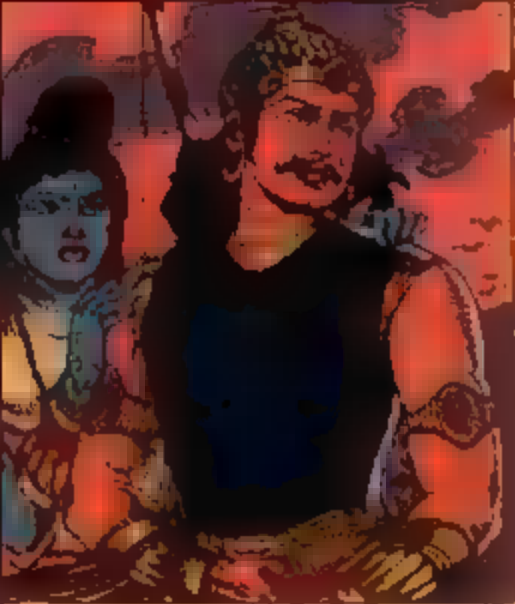
In no time the battle grew fearful. Warriors of both the camps stopped fighting and observed the battle between Rama and Ravana with ■■■■



After a while ■ mighty shaft sent by Rama cut off Ravana's head. But instantly there popped up another head on the demon-king's shoulder. Rama, cut off the new head too. But there popped up yet another head.

Rama ■■ surprised at such ■ phenomenon. He could not understand how the very shaft by which he had earlier succeeded in killing the notorious demons Viradha and Kabandha should prove ineffectual in Ravana's ■■■

But it ■■ no surprise to Matali. He knew that if Ravana still survived Rama's most heroic assault, it was



At the moment of his doom had not yet arrived.

The battle continued for seven days and nights. On the eighth day Matali realised that Ravana's last hour had come. "My lord!" he said to Rama. "Now is the time for the demon-king's destruction. Please use the weapon of Brahma to bring it about."

Rama picked up the particular shaft at Matali's suggestion. It was a luminous arrow once created by Lord Brahma for Indra's use. Rama greeted the shaft with the prescribed hymn and sent it flying against the demon-king. The winged arrow shook the earth with its sound

and sped like a string of lightning, pierced through Ravana's chest. The arrow fell off Ravana's hand. His lifeless body rolled down to the ground.

The demons gave out shrieks of horror. The Vanaras found it an excellent opportunity to kill a large number of them.

As Ravana fell, from heaven came the sound of the drum of the gods—along with a shower of flowers. Rama's glory was sung by the gods and the gandharvas. Indescribably great was the joy of Angada, Sugriva and the other monkeys.

However, it was different with Vibhishana. Although he rejoiced at Rama's triumph, he could not help feeling sad at his brother's death. He brooded over the virtues of Ravana—his scholarship and courage. It was a pity that his evil nature should bring all the virtues to nought—thought Vibhishana.

Rama consoled Vibhishana, saying, "Don't you grieve. Ravana has not died like a coward. He fought like a true hero till the end. It is better to come across another brave warrior like him."

With Rama's permission Vibhishana gave his at-

■ urgent matters developing out of Ravana's death.

In the meanwhile the demon-women had come out to the battlefield. They surrounded Ravana's corpse and ■■■■■. They lamented Ravana's action of kidnapping Sita which ultimately destroyed him. Mandodari wept bitterly saying that it ■■■ an irony of fate that her husband who had conquered the three worlds should die ■ the hands of a human being.

"Vibhishana! Ask the women to retire into the fort. Then make preparations for the due disposal of Ravana's body without further delay," Rama told Vibhishana.

Vibhishana was wondering if Ravana deserved all the holy funeral rites. The demon-king, ■■■ doubt, had many virtues. But the catalogue of his sins was not short either.

But Rama put his doubts to rest. "Despite all his out-■■■■■ actions, he ■■■■■ a traditional funeral," he told Vibhishana.

Ravana's deadbody was clad in ■■■■■ and flowers and laid on ■ heap of sandal-wood. Vibhishana put fire to the mound. The fearful tyrant was soon reduced to ashes.

The gods who had assembled ■ witness the battle left for their spheres singing Rama's praise all the while.

Rama then expressed his gratefulness to Matali and sent him ■■■■ to Indra along with the chariot. Escorted by Lakshmana and Sugriva, he returned ■ his camp and asked Lakshmana to make the proper arrangements for Vibhishana's coronation as the new king of Lanka.

contd.





THE HISTORY OF INDIA

The Blaze in the Seas

Have you ever heard a mariner telling his tales? If yes, you might have heard from him how at times a blaze is noticed in the sea. It could be beautiful, it could be fearful.

Such a glow can of course be explained by science, but one of the legends of India has an explanation for it too.

Long, long ago there lived a king named Kritavirya. He gave a huge amount of wealth to the Brahmins belonging to the dynasty of Bhrigu, for, they were his priests.

The Bhrigus became rich and they continued to be rich for generations. However, the descendants of Kritavirya became

poorer and poorer.

"The Bhrigus are prosperous because of our forefathers. It is their duty to help us, now that we have fallen into bad days," said a prince and others agreed with him. The princes decided to go and ask the Bhrigus to part with portions of their wealth for the descendants of their patrons.

When the Bhrigus heard about the approach of the princes, some of them took to hiding. Others hid their wealth and pleaded inability to help the begging princes.

At first the princes thought that the Brahmins were spreading the truth. But when they found

the same plea in the house of a certain Bhrigu who, the princes were very rich, they grew furious. They dug the floor and found a heap of wealth. They rejoiced in their discovery, but the Bhrigus, trying to save them, they started killing them.

Whoever of the Bhrigus fell before them was killed. Even the children were not spared. The women of the Bhrigus escaped to the Himalayas. The cruel princes pursued them to see if any of them was carrying a child in her womb, for, they were determined to put an end to the dynasty of Bhrigu.

They had already usurped all the property of the Bhrigus and they did not want a Bhrigu to claim it in future.

One of the Bhrigu women was about to give birth to a child when the princes found her out. But it was a great soul who was to be born of her. As the princes caught hold of the woman, the child came out of her womb and saved them.

It was a dazzlingly luminous child. Over and above that, it was full of wrath. As soon as the princes' eyes fell on the glowing infant, they were struck blind!

Now was the time for the



princes to repent for their arrogance and rashness. They wept and prayed ■■■ child ■■■ mother for the restoration of their vision.

Great ■■■ the compassion of ■■■ child. He restored ■ the princes their vision. ■ he could not get ■■■ his anguish at the murder of his innocent father and all the other Bhrigus. He sat in deep penance, ■ if daring the heavens to ■■■ his question.

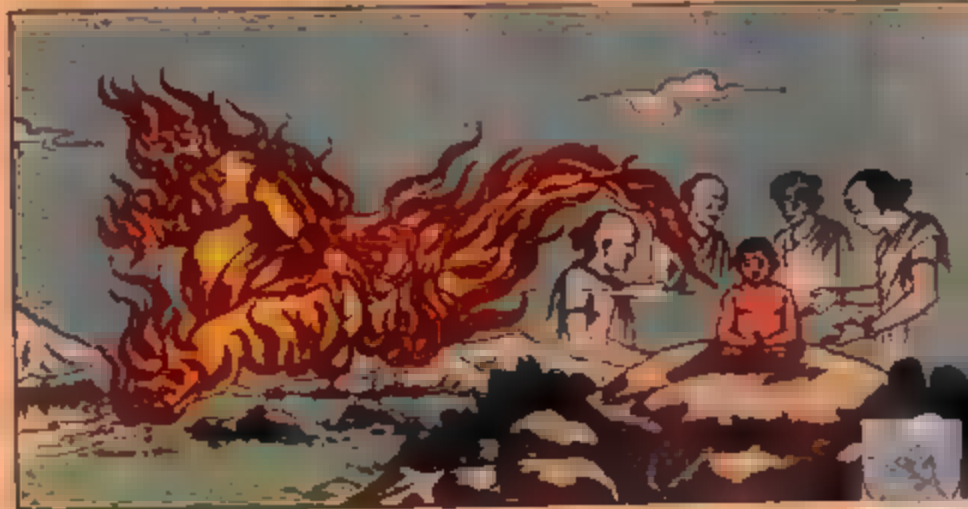
Soon the spirits of ■ dead Bhrigus appeared before him and explained to him that they desired to ascend heaven quickly. They could not have done so by killing themselves, as suicide was ■ grave sin.

Hence they allowed the princes to kill them. Had they ■ wished, they could have protected themselves through resistance ■ escape.

The infant boy was satisfied in his mind. But the passion of anger that had been aroused in him continued to torment him. What to do with that wrath? The spirits advised him ■ throw it into the ocean.

So did the boy; he threw his wrath into the blue expanse of ■■■ It wanders there in the form of a kind of fire. Its ■■■ ■■■ from time to time.

The *Mahabharata* tells ■ that Ourva ■■■ the name of this infant Bhrigu.





The World of Magic THE STRANGE FINGER

"Hail to the king! Our mander, Surjit, has defeated army of Vairavgarh. He is now entering our city at the head of the victory procession," announced a herald to the king of Ratnapur, Jivansen.

King Jivansen was delighted. "I must go out to receive our brave commander," he announced as he stood up.

"But, my lord! I deeply regret to inform you that in the battle the commander has lost a finger from his left hand," reported the herald.

The king sank his throne in utter despair. According to the tradition of the kingdom one who lost a limb could not continue to command the army. But without Surjit as his commander, King Jivansen would be nowhere. That was a bad time for Ratnapur when two or

three kings of the neighbourhood turned hostile to Jivansen and were trying to grab parts of his kingdom. It was the faithful and valiant Surjit who foiled their plans.

Besides, King Jivansen had a great love for Surjit. They were pals in their childhood. As Jivansen ascended the throne after his father's death, Surjit took over the command of the army after the death of the old commander, his father. Surjit had saved his young master from many a danger.

King Jivansen did not go out to receive his victorious commander. Instead, he sat gloomy. However, Surjit met him soon and said, "My lord, I understand your agony at my misfortune. Don't you worry. I will remain with you for the rest of my life".



"It is not enough that you remain with me, if I cannot avail of your service as my commander," said the king.

There was no answer to this. The council of ministers remained silent. It was Subir, the court magician, who spoke first. "Cannot the old law change?"

"How it change unless God Himself wills it?" replied the prime minister. Other ministers nodded their agreement.

"But we have never tried to ascertain God's will!" said Subir. He then looked at the priest and said, "Punditji, you are a great soul. Why don't you sit in meditation and try

to know God's will in this regard?"

Punditji obviously sure if God's will could be ascertained that easily! But before he had anything Subir looked at him meaningfully. He kept quiet.

After the others dispersed, Subir took hold of the priest's arm and led him into a corner. "Punditji, I am afraid, it is a matter of life for all of us. The king is feeling extremely nervous. That might lead to his falling sick. If the enemies come to know Surjit is no our commander and the king himself is sick, they will invade our kingdom in no time. You can imagine our fate."

"I realise the gravity of the situation. But how can I help it?" asked the priest. Subir whispered his plan in his .

Next day, the priest appeared before the king while the ministers were present and said, "Something extraordinary happened this morning!"

"What is it?" queried the king.

"As I sat in meditation, a flew close to me and . 'Who says that the minister has lost his finger? It has easily

become invisible. It is in a different word, still alive. He should continue to hold his position.' I asked if I can get any proof that the finger is there in a different world—still alive. Next moment I saw a small box lying on my lap. I opened it and saw its content. It was a finger. It was grown blue, but it made a movement as I looked at it, proving that it was alive. The crow advised me to throw it into the temple pond before sunset."

"This is really strange. Can't you once have a look at the finger?" asked the king.

"Well, my lord, since the crow has not forbidden me to show it to you, I have no objection to your having a look at it. Be pleased to visit the temple before sunset.

Late in the afternoon the king arrived in the temple ac-

companied by his ministers. In solemn silence the priest brought out a small box, not bigger than a match-box, and held it before the king. Then, slowly, he removed its cover. Inside was seen a bluish finger.

"Let the finger give a sign of life!" uttered the priest. Next moment it was seen to make a sudden movement.

The king and the ministers were satisfied about the sanctity of the crow's message. It was decided to retain Surjit in his position he held.

Magician Subir was waiting for the priest on the bank of the pond. With a smile he took away the box. The box had a hole at its bottom through which the priest had thrust his own finger. It looked as if the box contained the finger. The priest had of course coloured his finger blue. Mr A. C. Sorcer





THE SURE CURE!

Kirtipur was a big village with several well-to-do families living in it. Raghavacharya, the physician, was the pride of the village. He was a great scholar in Ayurveda, the ancient Indian medical science, and cured innumerable patients of difficult diseases.

Raghavacharya's only son, Sundaracharya, never cared to learn the science properly despite his father's repeated endeavours to teach him. He whiled away his time in the company of a few vagabonds.

But after Raghavacharya died, Sundar had to pay attention to the profession for sake of his livelihood.

People knew that he was in-

sincere, but they spoke among themselves, "If the son knows one fourth of what his great father knew, he should prove a good enough physician."

But the son alone knew that he did not possess even a hundredth part of his father's knowledge. However, he tried to manage with bombastic words and a bit of acting. At times he endangered his patient's life through wrong treatment, but the people took them as a sign of bad luck!

A few years later a young villager named Ram Sharma returned to the village after his training as a physician and set up a practice. His arrival coincided with a critical illness.

late teens. Chandrakant ded the throne. By then Shekhar Sharma grown quite old and was leading a retired life. The new king had as his priest and chief adviser Pravin, Shekhar Sharma's son.

One day, while hunting, Chandrakant unwittingly killed a man. The sacred book prescribed equal punishment for all — king or the commoners. For his crime through negligence the king was to be imprisoned for ten years.

But Pravin loved the new king too much to let him be punished. He met Shekhar Sharma and said, "Father! If

the book was written at God's direction, tell me how to please God and change the law with His approval."

"Fool! I had resorted to God's that the book is considered inviolable. Otherwise a king could turn a tyrant," replied Shekhar Sharma.

This confession emboldened Pravin to declare that God had directed him to add a new principle in the sacred book. According to that the law cannot apply to the king and the commoner the same way. The king, who has great responsibilities has to be above the ordinary law!





The Sacred Book

The king of Chandanpur died suddenly without leaving any heir. Several kinsmen of the king aspired to get the throne. However, a young man, Suryakant, ultimately occupied it through the help of Shekhar Sharma, the royal priest.

The rival candidates did take it lying down. They conspired against Suryakant and even tried to kill him. But Suryakant was brave and clever. He was also popular. With Shekhar Sharma's guidance he managed to outwit his rivals one by one. Some fled the kingdom; a few who plotted against Suryakant's life were imprisoned. Soon there was peace in the kingdom.

Shekhar Sharma was widely respected. On an auspicious day he presented the new king with a book and said, "I have written this as directed by God. This contains the code of conduct which you and your successors should follow in ruling the kingdom. You will be a sinner before God if you do anything violating the principles laid down in this book."

King Suryakant received the sacred book with humility. He studied it thoroughly and modelled his government according to the ideals put forth in the book. He was respected by all as a man of principles.

Suryakant died when Chandrakant was

late teens. Chandrakant ascended the throne. By then Shekhar Sharma had grown quite old and was leading a retired life. The new king [redacted] as his priest [redacted] chief adviser Pravin, Shekhar Sharma's son.

One day, while hunting, Chandrakant unwittingly killed a man. The sacred book prescribed equal punishment for all — king or the commoners. For his crime through negligence the king was to be imprisoned for [redacted] years.

But Pravin loved the [redacted] king too much to let him be punished. [redacted] met Shekhar Sharma and said, "Father! If

the book was written at God's direction, tell me how to please God and change the law with His approval."

"Fool! I had resorted [redacted] God's [redacted] so that the book is considered inviolable. Otherwise a king could turn a tyrant," replied Shekhar Sharma.

This confession emboldened Pravin to declare that God had directed him to add a new principle in the sacred book. According to that the law cannot apply to the king and the commoner in the same way. The king, who has great responsibilities has [redacted] be above the ordinary law!



Thus was Chandrakant spared punishment.

A few years passed. The commander of the army killed the king through a treacherous conspiracy and occupied the throne. Pravin was deeply agrieved ■ his dear friend Chandrakant's murder.

Soon the usurper summoned Pravin and demanded his allegiance. But Pravin told him to his face, "You are a murderer. You should be punished with death!"

"But being the king, I am above law!" replied the usurper.

"You were not the king when you killed Chandrakant," retorted Pravin.

"Right. That ■ why I want your help. Add a new principle in the sacred book saying that ■■ one had become the king, he was free from the consequence of all he might have

done before!" demanded the usurper.

"I will ■■■ do that!" blurted out Pravin.

"In that case you die!" said ■■ usurper sternly, brandishing his sword.

Pravin stood stupefied. He realised the gravity of the situation and announced the addition of ■ new principle in the sacred book.

But the usurper soon proved ■ great tyrant. Pravin secretly mobilised the people against him. At last there ■■ a mass rebellion in the kingdom and the usurper was killed. A new king was chosen by the leading citizens.

"I declare that the sacred book is cancelled. Henceforth the king should govern the land according to the advice of the experts and the wish of the people," announced Pravin.



THE WONDERS OF AJANTA

A number of caves in the Ajanta valley of Maharashtra show a series of fresco paintings which for their delicacy and splendour have no parallel in the world. The pictures, carved more than sixteen hundred years ago depict Buddhist themes.

The caves of Ajanta, 29 in number, were divided into two categories, *Chaityas* or chapels, and *Viharas* or monasteries. The art of these frescoes, say experts, are far superior to the art that had developed in Italy and Europe in those days.

Once a place of meditation and research, Ajanta lay forgotten for a long long time. It was discovered by chance by a hunting party in 1819. Today the place draws a large number of tourists.



THE WRITING ON THE WALL

A grand feast was going on at night in the castle of Belshazzar, the king of Babylon. He was a descendant of Nebuchadnezzar, the proud founder of a great empire.

Persia was a rising power then. The Persians had come to take Babylon. But the walls of the city were strong and high that they could not break through them.

Belshazzar was presiding over the feast, surrounded by a thousand noblemen. They were drinking from the golden cups which Nebuchadnezzar had looted from the Temple of the Lord in Jerusalem.

Suddenly seen a bewildering phenomenon. A strange hand began writing something on the wall which nobody could read. The fingers moved on creating awe in Belshazzar and his company.

There was a wise old man named Daniel who was sent for. The old man read the writing. It said that Belshazzar who had been too proud, was about to meet his end. His kingdom was going to fall in pieces.

No sooner had the writing been deciphered than the Persians stormed into the castle and killed Belshazzar in the midst of his feast.

Hence, *Writing on the wall* means a happening fore-showing downfall and disaster.





—C. R. Rajesh, Nipani.

(Readers are requested not to send new questions for
 [redacted] [redacted] you: magazine finish [redacted] at least a [redacted] [redacted]
 back/ed [redacted] questions.)



CHOOSE A TITLE AND WIN A REWARD

You are invited to choose a title for the following story and write a story on a post card and send it to "Story Title Contest", Chetdenmarne, 2 & 3 West Road, Adelaide 500 026 as soon as by the 20th of December. A reward of Rs. 25 00 will go to the best entry, which will be published in the February '78 issue. Please do not use the same card for entering the Photo-Caption Contest.



There was a club of aristocrats in London. Currently the club admitted only the lords. However, when Thomas Moore, the poet, proved to be a great name, the members voted to admit him into their club.

Some lords, however, resisted the decision. One of them took the earliest opportunity to snub Moore when the latter attended the club for the first time. He walked up to the poet and asked gravely, "Is it true that your father was a party shop keeper?"

"True, a party but honest shop keeper" replied the poet innocently.

"I wonder," reverted the lord, "why you ~~are~~ ~~are~~ follow suit?"

A low nobleman who heard the conversation giggled. Many more had grown effusive when it became the poet's turn to reply. He said, "I lacked my father's talent. But I had heard that your father was a gentleman. I wonder why you did not follow suit!"

The poor lord started to cough away by the sound of laughter that

Results of Story Title Contest held in October 1977

The prize is awarded to

Mr. Shankar Mangrulkar,

B. K. Forum,

NEW DELHI 110022.

Winning Entry — TEAM OF ALL SEASONS



1. The two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of a suitable sentence. Could be single word, or several words, till the two captions make **SENSE** out of each other.
2. It will be awarded as prize for the best **PHOTO CAPTION**, your entry can reach us by 20th DECEMBER.
3. Winning captions will be **EXHIBITED** in FEBRUARY issue.
4. Write your entry on a **POST CARD**, specify the work, give your full name, address, age and post to

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST
CHANDAMAMA MAGAZINE
MADRAS 600 024

Result of Photo Caption Contest held on October 1986

The prize is awarded to
Miss Rishi Mathan
1217 Joseph Memorial Road

Opp. Modern High School, ROOINA 9.

Chandamama, Room 10, The Shree, 1, Park Road, Park Road, Madras 600 002

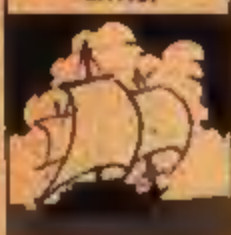


Toothsville on the Defence

For months now, Demon Acid Killer COOH⁺ has been threatening to overrun Toothsville. In the National Assembly, the Oral Flora pass a bill to import military hardware.



Soon the shiploads of equipment arrive.



The army loses no time in fortifying Tooth Tower...and ~~soon~~ their work is put to the test.



One night, while all are asleep, Killer COOH's raiders launch a surprise attack.



The Oral Flora put up a brave fight but cannot oust Killer COOH who has gained the initiative in taking them by surprise.



Only ~~one~~ hope remains.

Hurry, go call Binaca-F



Later... Binaca-F races in armed with a deadly weapon: Binaca Fluoride Toothpaste.



Let's see Killer COOH match this!



Retreat man, let's go!



Killer COOH's army is devastated by the combined efforts of Binaca-F and the Toothsville army.



Hurrah!

We're saved!



Remember, conventional weapons are not enough. To keep Tooth Tower safe, you must brush it—twice daily—with Binaca Fluoride.



Brush in extra toughness. Arrest tooth decay with Binaca Fluoride.

* Formula by national acid group which creates tooth enamel and cures periodontal disease.



**'Make some music
in your mouth!'**



Gold Spot. The taste goes to your mouth.



PARLE Krackjack

the konversation opener

"This sweet biscuit is terrific."

"Yes...but it's salty!"



Never
sold loose
—beware of
imitations.

Some say it's sweet.
Others swear it's salty.
All agree it's tasty.
tasty, tasty.

World Selection
Award Winner



PARLE

Krackjack — the one and only sweet and salty biscuit sensation.

